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A Looking Glass
Wherein are reflected the "Wants" of the people. If there is anything you desire consult the "Want" columns of THE DAILY and SUNDAY GLOBE.

The Boston Daily Globe.

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FORBIDDEN RED.

Anniversary of Anarchist Hangings.

Memorial Meeting in Boston.

Thousands Around the Grave in Chicago.

Few Incendiary Speeches; No Outbreak.

Parsons' Letter to His Children from Dungeon No. 7.

The demonstration in New Era Hall last evening in celebration of the execution of the Chicago Anarchists one year ago was of such a nature as to far exceed the expectations of its originators. At the meeting last [illegible]

Chicago and Carl Friede and Mrs. Merrifield of this city. A long letter was read from Rev. John C. Kimball of Hartford, Conn., in which he analyzed the trial and praised the character of the men.

The following letter was read from W. D. Howells, the novelist:

New York, Nov. 3.

My Dear Sir—Your letter of Oct. 29 has just reached me here, after following me to Nahant and back. I am obliged to you for the invitation it conveys, and I beg you to make my acknowledgments to your committee of arrangements. I am not a public speaker, and what I had to say of the tragedy of Nov. 11 I said in my letter printed in the New York Tribune last year, while there was still hope of saving the victims' lives. Yours very truly,

W. D. Howells.

To Victor Yarros.

Resolutions

were adopted as follows:

Resolved, That the judicial mockery by which one year ago in Chicago, three men were sent to the dungeon and five men put to death against whom no crime had been proved, was an outrage without parallel in our history and a lasting disgrace to the country.

Resolved, That as these men had committed no crime, as they were convicted in defiance of all safeguards of innocence, and as they were martyred for their opinions, we denounce their execution as judicial murder, and as a crime against free speech which puts in peril all our rights.

Resolved, That in defence of the rights on that day struck down, the 11th day of November must be celebrated as an anniversary sacred to the memory of the martyred dead, till reluctant justice shall crown their names with merited honor, and not till the natural right to think and speak shall be established on a foundation so firm that courts or governments cannot disturb it will the American people redeem themselves from this stinging infamy.

AROUND THE GRAVE.

Long-Haired Anarchists in a Minority—Police in Reserve.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—The forbidden red flamed on two-thirds of the 5000 people who gathered around the graves of the executed anarchists, today, to celebrate the anniversary of their death. It was in the hats and around the necks of the women; worn in scarfs and festoons by the children, and in badges and rosettes by the men. Every wreath of flowers in the great mass piled high on the grave had a great knot of it. Every symbolical floral piece was covered with it.

Whatever meaning of danger it may have had was the only significance of that sort the day brought forth. There was no need [illegible]

DR. HILLER AT REST.

Funeral Unique, Costly and Impressive.

His Relict Expends $15,000 in Manifestations of Grief.

The Elaborate Programme Designed and Conducted by the Widow.

Wilmington, Mass., Nov. 11.—Two thousand persons stood shivering in the keen November wind for nearly four hours this afternoon around the late Dr. Henry Hiller's house in order to get a glimpse of the $15,000 worth of grief which his relict expended on the occasion of his funeral.

DR. HENRY HILLER.

It was a most successful funeral in more respects than one. In the first place it was unique, nothing like it ever having been [illegible]

ment to his skill and patience. The casket had been given a coat of oil, which beautified the color of the mahogany wonderfully and showed the carving to better advantage.

Into the copper pan at the bottom of the casket had been placed 200 pounds of camphor at 60 cents a pound. Over the perforated cover of the pan was the woven-wire mattress, upon which a white satin cloth was spread. Upon this, surrounded and almost covered with rose buds and pink buds, the remains rested. There must have been 10 bushels of buds in the coffin. They came from Doyle of Boston.

The Catholic parish of Wilmington, which Dr. Hiller had aided, sent a handsome floral offering representing the "Gates Ajar," and the Methodist society of the town contributed a floral wreath and cross, which were very beautiful.

The face of the deceased looked very natural, showing that Briggs, the embalmer, had done his work well. "That job is the pride of my life," he said this afternoon.

The casket was photographed yesterday by Charles Winter of Boston. Views were taken with the casket in all positions. These are to be finished full size by the bromide process at Lockhart's undertaking establishment in Boston, under the direction of Mr. Winter. "After the widow becomes fully composed," said a neighbor this afternoon, "the casket will be illustrated in Frank Leslie's Weekly and in Harper's Bazar for the

Benefit of the Public.

It was nearly dark before the last of the big crowd had passed through the room, snatching a hurried glance at the deceased, in dress suit, almost buried beneath the flowers, and at the lid of the casket which stood against the wall near the hallway door. Mrs. Hiller, dressed in deep mourning, sat with downcast eyes near the head of the casket, and by her side stood Miss Polly Matherson, a friend of the family. In the room was also a brother of Dr. Hiller from Chicago.

When every one had viewed the remains the lid was placed on the casket, and then came a very difficult operation—that of getting the casket out through the window upon the funeral car standing in front of the house. The casket, weighing, with its contents, about 600 pounds, was just half an inch narrower than the window, making a very tight squeeze; but 10 strong armed men succeeded in landing it safely upon the car.

The four black horses were led by James Garry, James O'Brien, D. H. Downey and Charles O. Blaisdell, the two latter being employes of the late Dr. Hiller.

The six pall-bearers were Henry Ames, grocer and justice of the peace; Charles E. Hudson, grocer; Jonathan R. Morris, grocer; Henry Buck, selectman; Stephen Buck, farmer; and Edward Blanchard, [illegible]

HOOTED AT AND STONED.

Senor Canovas in the Hands of a Madrid Mob.

Gladstone's Intellectual Equals Have Forsaken the Home Rule Cause.

The Vatican Authorities Pleased with General Harrison's Election.

Madrid, Nov. 11.—In anticipation of the arrival of Senor Canovas del Castillo from Seville a strong force of police and military was posted this morning along the streets through which the Conservative leader was expected to pass on his way from the railway station to his residence. Thousands of Republicans collected at the station at an early hour, and the arrival of Senor Canovas was the signal for a hostile outburst. The mob surrounded and followed his carriage, hooting and throwing stones. The windows of the carriage were smashed by the flying missiles. Senora Canovas, who accompanied her husband, was struck by a stone, but was not seriously injured. When the carriage reached the prado the gendarmes surrounded it in order to protect the occupants from violence. Similar scenes of disorder occurred outside the residence of Senor Canovas, and finally, in order to escape from the mob, he drove to the house of the Marquis Sotomayor, his brother-in-law. The crowd continued the demonstration in front of the Conservative Club and the Conservative journals. At the Epoca building the mob again became violent, and every window in the place was smashed. Throughout the disturbance there was no collision between the people and the police, nor was there any fighting. The agitation abated at midday, but there was a renewal of the demonstration at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and the Conservative Club was obliged to close its doors.

A Republican journal, the Pais, appeared this evening with a manifesto from the Republican students, in which they expressed sympathy with the action of their comrades at Seville and elsewhere. The Epoca, in the meantime, had published an extra, headed [illegible]

sembled the crying of an infant. The officer investigated the matter and found on a lumber pile near by a half-smothered boy baby wrapped in gray flannel. The infant was carried to the Chardon Street Home.

SUICIDE OF A COLLEGE GIRL.

Miss Farrar of Keene, Member of the Freshman Class of Smith College at Northampton, Drowns Herself in the Connecticut.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 11.—Sarah Brainard Farrar, 19 years old, a member of the freshman class of Smith College, committed suicide this afternoon at 4 o'clock by dropping from the Central Massachusetts railroad bridge over the Connecticut river at Northampton.

She was seen by several persons to walk out deliberately to about the middle of the bridge, take off her cloak and swing herself down. When in this position she seemed to realize what she was doing and shrieked loudly for help. No help was at hand, and after hanging till her strength gave out she dropped helplessly to the river and was soon drowned. The body was recovered.

No definite reason is assigned for the act. Her father died in the spring, however, and it is suggested that grief crazed her. She was an attractive young woman 19 years old and a general favorite in her class. The affair has caused a sensation in the college.

BREWER'S COLLECTOR ROBBED.

"Pink Face" Silk Snatches His Watch but Missed His Wallet.

New York, Nov. 11.—Albert Friedel was the victim of a bold robbery yesterday, and although he lost his gold watch and chain, he feels that he can congratulate himself inasmuch as the robber did not secure his wallet, since this was the object of the daring highwayman.

Mr. Friedel is the collector for Ballantine, the brewer, and during the day he visits over 100 saloons, and as he is a big man who will tip the scales at 300 pounds, Mr. Friedel goes over his route in a cab.

Saturday's collections were easy, and early in the afternoon there was about $3000 tucked away in Mr. Friedel's capacious pocketbook.

Seated in his cab with his arms folded across his breast, the collector allowed himself to sink into a pleasant reverie. Presently the carriage came to a standstill at [illegible]

CUT IN TWO.

Umbria Runs Down a Tramp Steamer.

Collision Off Sandy Hook.

The Umbria Was Running at Full Speed.

Her Victim Disabled in the Fog.

No Lives Lost, but the Tramp Steamer May Sink.

New York, Nov. 11.—The steamship Iberia, from the Persian Gulf, lying disabled off Sandy Hook, was cut in two by the Cunarder Umbria, Saturday afternoon. Only an hour before, the steamship La Normandie nearly ran over the same disabled [illegible]

the space between that and the "collision" bulkhead, so called, which is some 10 feet back of the stem, is to be filled with cement.

Pilot Sayles, who came into port this afternoon on the pilot boat Nasmyth, reported this afternoon that his pilot boat put a salvage crew of three men aboard the Iberia. If rough weather does not set in the ship and cargo may be saved. The cargo in the hold is untouched by water, and two Drummond tugs put out tonight for the Iberia, with the intention of towing her into port if possible.

Captain McMicken remained on the Umbria all day today, and Mr. Brown, the agent, absolutely refused to allow newspaper men to see him. "We expect an action for damages," said he, "and we must refuse to expose our captain for the other side to work on." Mr. Brown denied the statement that Captain Sagols tried to induce Captain McMicken to tow the Iberia to port, and said such a proposition would have been a dangerous one, owing to the fog and helpless condition of the Iberia.

From all accounts the Umbria was going 17 knots an hour when she crashed through the Iberia. The passengers who heard the engines reversed said it was done almost instantly preceding the collision.

AMERICAS, 9; CHICAGO, 6.

The Farewell Game to be Played Next Saturday.

San Francisco, Nov. 11.—Notwithstanding the damp cold there was another large crowd at today's game. Chicago took a lead of 3 to 0 early in the game, but the Americas soon overhauled and passed them, finally winning by 9 to 6. The stonewall infield gave a wonderful exhibition in practice, but during the play made several serious slips. The Americas, too, did some ragged work on the field, but at the bat and on the bases they were in their usual good form. Van Haltren pitched against his Eastern club mates and was quite effective.

The game for tomorrow between Chicago and Stockton has been declared off, and there will be only one more game played in Frisco, that being the farewell next Saturday.

Anson, who had sundry $5 and $10 bets on Chicago winning today, is tonight tired of life.

ELECTION DYNAMITE.

Novel Manner of Celebrating the Result of Tuesday's Balloting.

New York, Nov. 11.—Hugh McKeevers, a quarryman at Verplanck's, last night celebrated Harrison's election by exploding dynamite cartridges at a safe distance from his house. [illegible]

WILL SACKVILLE ATTEND?

CANAL BANK SINKING.

SALVAGE OF CABBAGES.

PERISHED IN FLAMES.

at Vernon Centre at 1 a. m. today. Knorr was a laborer, 35 years old. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Waters Rising—Man Imprisoned.

Laguna, Mex., Nov. 11, via Galveston.—The Anain is rising. There is now over 60 centimetres of water on the Mexican railroad track.

The Governor of Michicand has imprisoned the correspondent of a news agency for criticising the president.

A safe, sure and speedy cure for coughs and colds—Adamson's Botanic Balsam.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's clothing on instalments. Boyle Brothers, 835 Wash. st.

Now come three turkey numbers of the Ladies' Home Journal and Practical Housekeeper: Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. The first is on the news-stands—six cents, as usual.

You shall have four numbers by mail for ten cents in silver or stamps.

We can't afford the space to tell how good these festive numbers are, except that the regular numbers to follow are to be as good.

We want you among the million subscribers.

Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

EAT H-O

CATARRH
Cold in Head
Ely's Cream Balm

Ely Bros., 56 Warren st., N.Y.

The Mormon Elders' Book

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